

Adopted

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Summary: The Volturi had mistaken the shape-shifters to be the Children of the Moon. In a moment, they wiped out the entire Quileute Tribe. They thought they left nothing but death behind or so they thought. This will be a collection of one shots.

Adopted

**\*\*Edward\*\***

Edward pressed his lips into a thin line as he stared at the scene before him. There was nothing but destruction as dead bodies laid all around them. The vampire closed his eyes and looked away from the tragic scene. They had made a mistake. The Volturi had made a mistake. The Cullens had been too late. Alice hadn't been able to see what they were about to do. Edward could feel Carlisle's guilt.

\_I could have stopped this. If only we could have told them about the treaty. If only they could have stopped for a moment. If only we could have explained that they weren't the Children of the Moon.\_

He could hear everyone's pain. They hadn't had any connection to the shape-shifters, but they were horrified that they had been wiped out in a matter of seconds. Just yesterday, it had been a bustling little town. There had been so much life. There had been so much noise with the summer months coming. Edward had heard them when he hunted yesterday.

He had been amused by a group of rebellious teenagers chasing each other through the forest. They had crossed into the Cullens' land, but it happened on occasion. They hadn't shifted yet and the stories of the treaty, wolves, and vampires was merely stuff of legend to them. They knew that they weren't supposed to cross that invisible line, but they were a rebellious bunch. A bunch that was completely absorbed in themselves. Looking forward to their finals to be over so they could enjoy summer to the fullest. Their minds were just filled

with bonfires, the beach, friends, and their girlfriends. They had just been here yesterday and now they were gone. Their bodies were torn apart and laid mangled on the grass.

He looked away from the scene and toward his family or at least Carlisle and Esme. The others had been brave enough the venture forward and search for some sign of life, but Carlisle knew better. The Volturi wouldn't have spared anyone. Edward wanted to say something to his father. To calm his thoughts. He wanted to tell him that there was nothing he could have to stop the destruction that went on for miles before them, but he hardly doubted that him saying those words would help the man. It would be much more effective if Esme said it. Edward could hear that she shared the same opinion as him, but she didn't state it. She communicated with her partner silently as she wrapped her arms about her husband's waist and closed her eyes. His thoughts were still laced with grief but his body hugged his wife back and kissed her light brown hair.

Edward decided to give them a moment alone and followed after his brothers and sisters.

**\*\*Jasper\*\***

He didn't know what to feel. Death was all too familiar. He had seen it all through his life. He looked over at Alice, but for once she was completely silent. For a moment, he couldn't feel anything from her. It was strange, to say the least. She was quite expressive, but he guessed there wasn't much to feel about a situation like this. He knew that she would just be sad, but it was possible that she was too stunned to feel anything yet. He preferred that to the grief radiating off of Carlisle and Esme. Jasper could have calmed them, but felt that in situations like this it was better just to feel the emotion and let it die away over time. They would all feel something sooner or later and it was better that he just allow it to happen. He had to let them be sad, be angry, be horrified. As Alice continued to take in the carnage, Jasper stepped inside one of the small homes.

It was quite barren and the first thing he was greeted with was the sight of a woman dead in the living room. It was obvious that she hadn't been expecting it at all as he stared at her dead body. There was no sign that she knew was coming, let alone resisted. The television was still on, broadcasting the weather. She was clutching a loofah. Jasper suspected maybe she was about to bathe.

The male turned his head and glanced up the hall. There were two doors. Both were oddly closed and seemed to have been untouched by the invaders. He was about to turn away and join his wife again, but he heard a light splashing. Jasper furrowed his brows as he turned back and walked to the second door on the right. He wrapped his hand about the knob and pressed his ear to the door. Again, he heard a light splashing. Flesh lightly hitting liquid. Had someone still not died yet? He slowly opened the door, fearful of what he was seeing.

The sight that greeted him, caused his eyes to go wide. It was a small child. The little boy didn't seem to even notice that the door had opened as he continued to play with the soapy water. The vampire took a small step forward, causing the boy to turn to look at him. The little boy's eyes immediately became wide as he stared at the vampire, astonished by his beauty. He stayed still as the older

blonde male approached him.

Jasper stared at the other for a moment before reaching down. He fought the action at first, not know if this was acceptable. He looked around again, expecting someone to come for this child despite that fact that he was already seen the dead woman. He remembered the loofah in her hand and realized that she had been bathing the small child before him. The vampire bit his lips for a moment before bending forward to take the small boy. The baby didn't hesitate one bit, allowing the blonde male to take him into his arms despite not knowing him. The young boy sniffled as he clutched onto Jasper's black button down shirt.

"Cold," the other looked at him with desperation, wanting the older to give him some type of comfort. The other's skin was quite cold for being human. He didn't know how long that other had been sitting in the water, but it had to have been some time considering the temperature of the water. The older was surprised that the boy had spoken, staring at him before taking the towel off the hook and wrapping the younger's naked body.

Jasper smiled lightly as he felt the positive emotions radiating off the other. It was nice to pick up on something positive after everything they had come across this morning. The baby was calm as he rested his head on Jasper's shoulder, enjoying the warmth of the towel. The vampire was still a bit wary, unsure of what to do. He couldn't leave the child here. He looked around once again, hoping for someone to come along and claim this child despite knowing that it would never happen.

He would just have to take the orphan to Carlisle. He would know to do. Not only could their father come up with the best decision, but he was also their coven leader and he had every right to be informed about this.

**\*\*Emmett\*\***

Fuck.

Emmett continued to clear away the grass as Rosalie looked over his shoulder. As he pushed more and more of the covering away, he was met with the sight of five young boys. The male turned to look at Rosalie, as if he was looking for an explanation. He knew she couldn't explain this though.

Not saying anything, she knelt down beside her husband and moved her hand forward to touch one of them, but quickly retracted hand. They were all asleep. It was odd that they hadn't woken despite all the destruction around them.

Hell. It was strange that they were even here.

Emmett looked over his shoulder for someone to help. Hoping that their families would pop out the bushes or something to claim their children, but as he turned he was just met the site of the massacre that had occurred just hours ago. He gulped and tried to look past the dead bodies, now looking for Carlisle. He didn't see him at all, but he did see Edward, immediately waving him over.

His brother was over to him in matter of seconds. Emmett was about to

Speak, but he knew that other had already absorbed both his and Rose's thoughts.

"How?" He let out lightly as his eyes take in the sight for himself before kneeling down between the two other vampires. He hesitated like Rose at first, but then went and picked up the baby in the center. The young boy stayed asleep for the most part as he pushed against the Edward's chest, trying to get away from the cold. Despite the initial resistance, he accepted the new temperature and buried his face into the vampire's chest and began sucking his thumb.

"Edward, can you read anything off of them?" she asked, her eyes never leaving their discovery.

Her brother shook his head and he shifted the young male in his arms, "They're all just dreaming. It's all nonsense right now."

Emmett was the one to speak with time, "What do you think happened?"

Before Edward would answer, another voice interjected.

The three vampires turned and saw Carlisle approaching with Esme, "Did you all find something?"

Immediately all of them stood and made a path for Carlisle so he could see for himself. The eldest member of them glanced at them and stared at the boy in Edward's arms for a moment before taking a couple of steps forward. His eyes went wide as he saw the others. His breath stopped for a moment as he knelt down, gently taking one of the other boys and touching the cheek of another.

"There are no girls?" Carlisle noted as he gazed over them and then glanced back at his family, "There are no girls?" They knew Volturi were coming. They sensed it somehow. Or they did this in a moment's notice. They were trying to save the pack." Emmett didn't need Edward's mind reading powers to know that their father's mind was racing, "They are shape shifters. Their power is attributed to a gene. It usually is more prevalent in males. They were trying to save the gene. They were trying to save the one that you become wolves. They just hid them here after giving them some kind of anesthetic. They covered them with dirt and such so Volturi wouldn't smell them."

The family stayed quiet, trying to absorb this information until Esme asked, "What do we do now?"

"Keep them," they all turned to Rose, shocked at what she had just said—well everyone but Emmett. She let the eyes meet all of them. Emmett knew how much she loved children and how much she had desired to be a mother. She couldn't bare the thought of giving up these little babies that had just been handed to her.

"We should keep them. What else can we do? Give them up? They're werewolves or shapeshifters or whatever. Do you know what's going to happen if they change in front of humans when they grow up? They're going to get killed by either humans or the Volturi will come back. And that's only if they make it that far, who's going to tell them what they are. They're going to think they're insane," She partially

turned and motioned to all the dead bodies, "Who's going to teach them and help them? They have no one. They need us."

Emmett made the mistake of speaking, "But they're wolves. They are supposed to be our enemiesâ€¦" Rosalie growled at him and shot him a glare before turning to Carlisle.

The young blonde woman stepped toward her father, "You took so many of us. What's going to happen if you take a few more? You know we can't leave them."

**\*\*Edward\*\***

Carlisle wanted nothing more than to keep them, but he feared if it would be the wrong decision in the long run. He feared that the wolves might become angry when they grew up and found out what happened to them and their families. They might become a threat to the existing family. It was possible that the Volturi might also come for them if they saw this as disobedience. However, he saw Rose's point too. There was no other place for them.

The little male in Edward's arms cooed and seemed to whimper slightly as he opened his eyes and tightly clutched the vampire's grey sweater when he felt like he was falling. Edward clutched him a bit tighter. The young boy didn't fall back asleep this time. He stared up into the vampire's eyes, reaching up to touch his cheek. Edward raised his eyebrow at the young tribe member before trying his luck and asking a question, "What's your name?"

To his surprise, he got a response or at least he got one nonverbally.

\_Jacob\_

Edward chuckled and without a thought took the little boy's hand and kissed it. He bit his lip, trying not smile so much as he looked at his family, "His name's Jacobâ€¦" He says his name is Jacobâ€¦"

\_Embry\_

The name kept repeating. Edward knew it wasn't coming from the boy in his arms. He looked toward Carlisle and the boys under the bushes, but they were all asleep. He tried to hone in all of their thoughts, but there was nothing but nonsense. He furrowed his brow as he began hearing two more voices and realized that they were coming from behind him. Edward turned and was greeted with the sight of Jasper and Alice. The small pixie walked in front of the partner. She rushed toward Carlisle, taking his arm, "Look what we found. Jasper found a little boy."

Jasper was completely focused on the little boy, hiding the young male in the crook of his neck, not wanted the child to see the devastation about him. Edward could hear Jasper whispering sweet nothings and asking what his name repeatedly into the other's ear, trying to keep the other calm verbally even though he had his powers. Jasper came and stood by Edward.

"His name's Embry," the little boy immediately opened his eyes and pulled away from Jasper's neck to look at the man that had just said

his name, answering Jasper's question for him.

Carlisle started at the boy in Jasper's arms, "Jasper, you found one too? Whereâ€|?"

"He was in the bathtub of one the homes. His mother was killed. There was no one else in the home. I think the Volturi may have not realized there was a child in the bathroom. He was spared. I heard him when I was roaming the house and decided to take him. I didn't know what else I could have done. He just clung to me."

**\*\*Carlisle\*\***

It was a big decision that could affect not only the lives of his family but also the lives of these young boys, but he didn't think there was much of a decision to be made. There was nothing else that could be done. Rosalie made a good point. These boys would be in the most danger if they were given away. He was still worried for his coven, but that was something they would have to deal with when the time came. Right now, what mattered was giving these young boys a home and the best home for them was, ironically, with their enemy.

He stood up with the boy in his hands and glanced at all the members of his coven, before whispering, "These boys are out responsibility now."

End  
file.